Field Notes of

Chester Barlow

1892 – 1894

Purchased from Mrs. Wilhelmina Bennett, by Req. No. 64, Dec. 20, 1929, pp. 382-483, with Notebook for 1898-1902, original data for sets of eggs, and 165 photographic negatives.

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Circular soliciting orders for
California Murre eggs, 1894,
Barlow and Osgood.

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— Season of 1892 —

The best time for Californian Bushtits is early in April and also throughout the month. Their favorite trees seem to be oaks along creeks. Many nests are found in eucalyptus trees.

The first sets of Annais and Rufous Hummingbirds are found in February and the early part of March. The second sets can be taken in May and April.

May 27th — This evening I went to the Guadaluppe Creek for Russet backed thrush's eggs. I had previously located two nests of the Russet-back. The first one I found, to my sorrow had

come under the notice of some other collector who had gathered them in. I made great haste to see the other nest which was a mile farther down the creek. As I came within a quarter of a mile of it I commenced to carelessly look for nests. I ran onto a Russet backs located in a few maple bushes. The bird died, not leave the nest until I touched the limb it was on. She then glided off and I found 4 nice fresh eggs, a set to make a collector's eyes sparkle. The nest was made on the bottom of grasses and what had once been wet maple leaves. These were matted together so that they formed a solid, heavy mass. The nest was lined with fine pieces of dried leaves and

presented an "oldish" appearance.
I at once placed the set of eggs in my box and continued on toward the nest I had located. I had proceeded but a few yards when I glanced up the side of the bank and saw another bird on its nest. It was in an elder bush near a few mapleles and about four feet from the ground. In it were four eggs about five days advanced in incubation. These were smaller and less spotted than my first set. I, of course, collected them.

Having now collected two sets (all I had counted on) I was happy, but proceeded on to learn the fate of my known nest. I soon came to it and to my surprise

found the bird on. The nest contained four fresh eggs which I blew then and there. The nest was on a maple sprout about five feet from the ground. In construction it was identical to the preceding two. I was jubilant over my success and also over the failure of previous collectors who may have passed that way. As I proceeded back along the path through the dense growth of brush which kept the ground mouldy and moist, a little bird flew from a mass of drift stuff and weeds near the roots of an old tree. I commenced to search and soon found the nest in a small bunch of weeds. It was 1½ feet from the ground composed of fine, light grasses, cobwebs and a little moss.

It was a fuzzy affair and was lined with red roots resembling horsehair. The nest was fastened to a small briar stalk by moss and cobwebs. It had in it four (4) fresh eggs, of a bluish white color. I took a description of the bird as follows- size of sparrow, general color, brownish gray; throat, a bright brown and crown of head, black. The bird uttered a harsh "chit" when I ventured near the nest. The eggs were as large as a bluebirds' and nearly oval. After some difficulty, I positively identified the bird as a Lazuli Bunting.

May 28, 1892 "I went to a small bunch of tules near Santa Clara and took a set of four fresh Bicolored Black-

bird's eggs and a set of three, considerably incubated. The eggs and nests were as usual. I went to the creek and found a Yellow Warbler's nest with young. I also found a Black-headed Grosbeak's nest containing large young birds. The nest was a careless affair made loosely of sticks and could almost be seen through. It was in a willow bush in a fork near the top. The nests of this species are easily located by the great noise the birds make when you approach. I located a Russet-backed Thrush's nest with two eggs and left it to complete the set.

May 29/92. Took a walk to the Guadalupe Creek. Located a nest of the Californian

Towhee with two eggs, which I left until the complement should be completed.

May. 30/92. Today was a holiday and W. H. Osgood and myself went to the Creek for eggs. We started at 7:30 and after a pleasant walk reached the Guadalupe. We went to my Cal. Towhee's nest and I took the three fresh eggs which is the usual number deposited. The nest was of grasses etc. and lined with horse hair. It was situated in the center of a willow bush on a pile of drift material. We blew the eggs and proceeded to my thrush's nest. It had only 3 eggs in it but the bird was

setting so I collected them. Pest
Leaves and a few pieces of
grass and lined with rotten
leaves. It was in a willow bush
7 feet from the ground. After a
long walk and much searching
found a nest and four nearly
fresh eggs of a bird
identified as a Long-tailed Chat.
The eggs were beauties — creamy
white and spotted all over with
small blotches of bright brown.
The bird is about the size
of a Blackbird but is a bright
yellow and has a long tail, as
the name indicates.

The eggs look like Meadow
Lark's. The nest was of fine
grasses and lined with roots
like horse hair. Situated in a
willow bush on the creek about
4 feet from the ground.

We continued down the

Creek and each located a Russet-back's nest containing 1 and 2 eggs respectively. These we left to be called for on a subsequent visit. After eating lunch beneath an oak tree, we crossed the Creek and hunted towards home. Osgood found a Thrush's nest containing four incubated eggs which he blew. I then found a set of 4 fresh ones and took them. Nest as usual. Placed in a blackberry thicket 5 feet from the ground.

More walking and I noticed a small nest in the crotch of a muffle tree 15 feet from the ground. I climbed for it and was rewarded with a set of 4 beautiful Yellow Warbler's eggs. I preserved the nest.

This done, the Sun was doing his best to make things hot for us and we retired from the field. Thus ended a days tramp, which couched in the choice expression of the average young "tropical" writer, — was "one never to be forgotten".

June 2/92 — I went to the Guadalupe Creek this afternoon again for eggs. I first found a Thrush's nest in a willow bush, 6 feet from the ground containing 4 fresh eggs. Left as usual.

Also secured 758 nest with three eggs, nearly fresh. Nest on a willow limb near the ground and composed of grasses and leaves.

As I was walking

near the water I climbed up and saw a very loose nest in the crotch of a little willow bush about 5 feet from the ground. It proved to be a Black-headed Grosbeak's nest and contained four eggs, considerably incubated. I collected them. The nest was about 5 inches across and had a slight depression in the center. Made of dried twigs and roots.

The boy who went with me secured 3 sets of Russet backs and an advanced set of 4 Lazuli Bunting.

The Creek is alive with all kinds of birds and a place containing more nests would be hard to find.

June 7 92
I went to the Guadalupe and collected a set of 3 fresh Sumelis Long Spurs eggs. Nest in a bush four feet from the ground. Made of tule grass and weed stems and lined with horse hair. Bird on nest. I went to a thrushes nest but it contained nothing. I expected to get a set of 4 Black-headed Grosbeaks that I knew of but some other "jiggy" had got there before me.

June 14/92
Went to the Creek and took a set of four little Flycatchers with nest. The nest was placed in a crotch of a willow limb of a bush overhanging the creek

It was composed of fine grass and moss and also some wooly material. The lining was of fine roots resembling horse-hair. The eggs are a creamy white when fresh, sparsely spotted on the large end with reddish brown.

I also took a set of 3 Russet-backed Thrush. Nest same as ever. These eggs were lighter than usual, probably being the 2nd or 3rd set of the same bird.

Towards the last of the season I found a nest of Little Flycatcher in a willow bush with one egg in. I left it and returned in five days but still there was but one egg.

The female was around the nest but as I did not [illegible] around again, I never ascertained whether more eggs were laid or the single one incubated.

The first and second weeks in June are undoubtedly the best time for taking fresh eggs of the Little Flycatcher.

TRIP TO THE FARALLONES.

Climax of the "Collecting" Season

I arrived in San Francisco July 2nd, 1892 intending to go to the Farallones at my first chance. My cousin, Mr Kirschbaum was to accompany me but as he had planned to spend the 4th in the city I found I could not have his company, unless I waited until after the 4th, so I reconciled my self and prepared to make the best of it.

I paid my respects to the Cal. Academy of Sciences and the Mining Bureau, both places being rich in sights of interest to the naturalists.

Finally 4th of July came and was a day of [illegible]

Cluster. We were kept busy running after fire engines, for alarms were sounded in every five or ten minutes. At about 11 o'clock we went to our brother's house and there prepared to wait for the time when we would go to the wharf.

* * * * *

On July 3rd I went to the Appraiser's Building and saw the Lighthouse Inspector. After a laborious climb up several flights of circling stairs, and passing numerous government rooms I reached the fourth floor and was ushered into the presence of His Highness — Capt. Fury, Light house Inspector. After I had acquainted him with, my desires he willingly gave a permit to visit the Islands. I then

left with the previous document "in my inside pocket." On the afternoon of the 4th I went to the wharf and enquired whether a "tug" would go out next morning. The Superintendent did not know but hinted that the "Active" would probably leave in the morning. It is a usual thing for these tugs to leave at 12 or 3 a.m. but I was informed that the "Active" would not leave until 6 o'clock, as it was the morning after the 4th and the crew would be off celebrating during the night. So with this information we went home at 11 o'clock and prepared to wait for morning

* ** *** ***

We arrived at the house at about 11 oclock and as I could not trust my cousin to keep watch, he went to bed. I dozed and read until 12:45 A.M.

We intended to leave for the wharf at 2 oclock so as to be on time in case the tug left before 4. So at 12:45 I laid down to sleep for exactly 3/4 of an hour. But alas! the unusual of the day had made me tired and when once I got to sleep it was a question if time when I should awake.

Suddenly I was aroused by my brother's voice announcing it was 4 oclock. We rose and dressed inside of two minutes and putting on our overcoats prepared to make for

the wind. Each carried a camera and a basket containing a roll of cotton. Blowhites etc were thrown miscellaneously into the baskets.

We had intended to eat a lunch before starting but we did not stop. A few minutes more and we were burrying down Market Street toward the wharf. No street cars were running and we had full a mile to walk. Nothing transpired to interest us, except-ing a policeman, who looked at us very suspiciously.

Finally we arrived at the wharf as the ferryclock pointed to 5. At the ferry-boat wharf were three tugs of the Spreckels's line - the Relief, Vigilant and Active.

There was no sign of life until 5:30 when the fireman of the Act appeared from below and soon had a column of black smoke rolling from the boats smoke-stack.

Soon after the Captain, Mr. Marshall, came down the wharf. Up to this time we did not know whether we were going or not, but I asked the Captain for permisson, and he allowed us to go on the boat. He said they might sight a "tow" just outside the heads, in which case we would be brought back, but if they went out as far as the Twillows, we would be landed.

Precisely at 6 o'clock we backed from the dock and were soon steaming down the bay at a good rate.

Frank & I buttoned our overcoats tightly and took a position on the rear deck. It was fine, we thought. Presently the deck-hands came around and talked with us and described all points of interest that we passed. We soon came to Black and Fort Points which form the Golden Gate, and then to our surprise we were able to stand the motion of the boat without getting sick. Gradually we reached the "bar" and ~~that~~ Frank and I had found a warm place near the end of room on an iron windlass. Somehow we didn't feel like running around as before. I asked Frank if he wasn't feeling "kind of funny." "Oh

no, he felt all right" though his face greatly resembled a sheet in color. As for myself, my stomach had felt much better at these times, and I unconsciously reached for my codfish. Again I asked Frank how he felt. He said "funny", and made a lunge for the side of the boat, but didn't get there in time. I followed it soon after, and now we were both sick.

It was rough and the tug went rolling and pitching all at the same time. Sometimes we would sink down in a yeast wave and the water all around would come up with the boat. We were told to go forward to the cabin and it was well - - - lift for the waves were coming over the stern very.
coming aft.

Before we went into the cabin one of the men showed us the Shrouds, away off in the distance. They appeared as a gray rock projecting out of the ocean, but I was not at all interested then.

I laid on a bench in the dining room and watched the stools as they chased each other from one end of the room to the other, while the boat tossed. In the course of time we came up to the buoy, a few hundred yards from the shore. The "tug" made fast and whistled 3 times but as no row-boat appeared, the captain told two of the crew to land us. This is an exceptional thing for them to do, for they usually

carry you back if the captain
had got row out and
take you off.

I went off in the boat first.
The man rowed me to the
nearest point which was a
number of large, jagged rocks,
and as the surf carried
the boat up, I jumped out
and so landed. As all my
articles were yet in the boat
I had to stand on a low
rock and reach them as the
boat came up. I got drenched
with spray, but we were
finally safe and sound on the
shore.

The first thing I saw
were two seals sailing over
my head and squaking harshly.
This made me feel rather
homesick, but we proceeded
to boat out the Keeper's house.

Mrs Beeman, the Principal Keeper's wife, greeted us and showed us our room. We were informed that he was down to North Landing and set out, with the information to "follow the railroad." This we did and on going around the last bend, we saw several men carrying baskets of eggs. Mr. Beeman welcomed us and took our permit.

The Islands at first impressed me strangely, so different was the scene from anything I had ever seen. Thousands of birds screaming and crying about, rabbits scurrying over the rocks, immense cliffs and the lighthouse — all made a grand scene. I recovered from my seasickness [illegible]

after-cooking.

The Gibraltar Caverns are unquestionably a wonderful place to anyone, but all interested in Natural History and more particularly Birds and Eggs.

There are several caves into which the ocean washes and these are said to be exquisitely beautiful, because the varied-coloring of the infusoria that have their homes there.

I was not fortunate enough to visit these caves. I explored one that runs a long distance into the lighthouse hill. One of the Greek eggers and I, by aid of a candle crawled in a good ways. The cave was very irregular in shape and size. At intervals were large rooms. We did not go to the end.

At low tide one can go down on the rocks (There is no beach) and pick any number of orange and red starfishes and sea-urchins out of the clear, shallow pools. On the western part of the Island where two ship-wrecks have occured in three years is an immense quantity of wreckage. All the pieces have been worn round and smooth by the waves. Coconut husks line the shore, having been washed from the Sandwich Isls.

The lighthouse is 20 feet high and situated on the highest point of the Island - 320 feet. It has a Fresnel lamp of the first order and is one of the best in the

sound. An hour can be profitably spent in the lighthouse. The fog-signal is run by steam and has two immense, powerful horns. They face the ocean and can be heard for miles away.

I never had such an appetite as I did while on the Islands. Everything relished — murres' eggs, fried rabbit and rock-cod. A breeze is almost continually blowing, and yet is quite cool.

One of the most beautiful scenes I witnessed was a moonlight night. I stood alone on the rocks and enjoyed it. The full moon made the ocean grand! One could see for miles over the heaving water, with Gulls sailing out over it.

Then on the summit of the lighthouse hill, the land looked small.

But I could go almost endlessly with the avoirt, so will consider the birds which were, to me, of more interest than anything ---

I.

California Murre. (URIA TROILE CALIFORNICA)
A.O.U. №, 30a.

Color — Breast, white. Neck and throat, coal-black. Back, dark gray.

This is the commonest and most abundant bird that nests on the Farallones, but it is one that is very interesting to watch and study.

On the afternoon of July 5th,

1892, – the day we arrived on the Islands – this species received most of my attention. On the East End. It is formed as the following shows.

As you walk along the surface of the Island you will suddenly come to an irregular opening in the ground. Through this you descend 3 or 4 feet to a sort of cave. This cave has a sloping opening (C) into the ocean, so that the Turtles fly from the water up into the cave where they nest. I secured a number of nice fresh eggs from this cave on the 5th

As there are only about 20 or 30 Cal. Murres nesting in this cove they are not disturbed by the eggers. The Murres are also safe from the Western Gull, as no member of the Gull family would take it upon himself to explore a cave, even for eggs. On the West End, there is a rookery of Murres known as the "Great Rookery". It covers one whole cliff and contains thousands of birds.

There are also a few small rookeries near the Lighthouse.

I went on several trips with the eggers, but this will be described in an article later on.

The following is from the "Cal. Traveller & Naturalist"

BIRDS OF THE FARALLONE ISLANDS.

1. WESTERN GULL AND CALIFORNIA MURRE.

C. BARLOW.

In considering the birds of these islands I will commence with those more commonly known. The Farallones lay about thirty-five miles west of San Francisco and in calm weather are reached by tugboats, but in stormy weather no kind of craft ventures near. Approaching the islands one sees multitudes of Western Gulls [LARUS OCCIDENTALUS] sailing lazily over the waves, but the California Murre [URIA TROILE CAL.] appears as a minute object, squatting in thousands on the cliffs. A description of the many items of interest on the Islands would be impossible to give in detail and a person must see them to appreciate their beauty. Caves thousands of birds and eggs and wild rabbits on the land and countless curios in the ocean at low tide, are a few of the interesting sights to the naturalsit, but I have space only for birds.

The Cal. Murre is the most numerous of the ten varieties of birds on the Islands, while the Gull can muster next greatest numbers. There could hardly be found more difference in the nature of two birds than in the Gull and Murre. The former is a tyrannical, fearless thieving fellow, while the latter is peaceable and bears impositions.

The Cal. Murre is the "egg bird" of the Farallones. Every year eggs by thousands are gathered and sold in the San Francisco markets. If fresh they are palateable and equal to two hen's eggs. They vary greatly in color and marking, ranging from white through green and blue to olive, usually with brown or black splashes over their surface. They average $1\frac{7}{8}$x$3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The murres generally nest in colonies of many thousands near the summits of high cliffs. Some are found in the caves that open into the ocean. Only one egg is laid and the bird sits upright on it. When approached they give a sort of "quack" and snap their bills, but seldom show fight. It is a handsome bird, with a white breast and black neck and back, resembling a duck in shape and very swift in flight. Everything considered, these characteristic birds are as interesting species as are found on the Farallones.

Text is my observations on Professional Egging. Written for the "Oologist" Dec. '92 No.

EGGS OF THE CALIFORNIA MURRE.—*From photo by C. Barlow.*

Professional Egging; or the Collecting of Murre's Eggs in California.

"What kind of birds are those?", was one of the numerous queries I propounded a deck-hand on the tug-boat, while on my trip to the Farallone Islands this summer. We had just steamed through the Golden Gate into the surging Pacific, with the gray, baren, sloping shore on either side gradually creeping away from us, when a flock of beautiful birds, with black backs in striking contrast to their snowy white breasts, winged their rapid flight across the water from a point near the shore, and gracefully settled on the crest of a wave, a short distance from the boat. As these were the first sea-birds I had noticed, I did not recognize them at first, though I could have done so had I referred to my prepared list of the birds I expected to see on the trip. This, however, was keeping company with a lime and a piece of codfish, (preventatives (?) of seasickness) in my pocket, and was left undisturbed.

So I did not attempt to identify the birds, but inquired of the deck-hand, who seemed to have a correct knowledge of the sea fowl, what they were. He glanced toward the birds and replied: "Those are Murres." Here was my first introduction to the California Murre, and I admired the flock as they executed many graceful feats in the water, until the mountainous waves hid them from view.

The Murre, common as it is, is a beautiful bird, and a nicely mounted

specimen vies well with most sea birds in one's collection. I suppose there are few collectors who have not one or more Murres' eggs in their cabinets, yet I know that by some they are considered quite rare, owing probably to the fact that they are usually found away from the mainland and are therefore more difficult to obtain. Probably a majority of the people of the United States are not aware that the collecting of Murres' eggs for food, by organized parties of men, is a business, so the operations of one of these "egging" parties may prove of interest to the readers of the OÖLOGIST.

The Farallones and other groups of islands farther down the coast of California, are the principal collecting grounds. The party of "eggers" who collected at the Farallones this year were Greeks, and a more hardy and healthy set of men I never saw. They ranged in number from five to eight at different parts of the season. The light-house keeper and his three assistants also engage in egging during the greater part of the months of May and June.

An industrious "egger" in full uniform, and hard at work, is not the handsomest sight in the world, for the nature of the work does not warrant his wearing fine clothes. To begin with, their shoes are made of canvass and the soles are of woven rope. This makes a durable shoe and one that will not slip on the steep, rocky cliffs. The ordinary leather shoe lasts but a few days on the sarhp, granite rocks. A pair of overalls and a loose cotton blouse, tucked up at the bottom and drawn tightly about the waist, in order to hold the eggs, completes the costume.

The Murres begin to nest in May and in consequence of the depredations made on their rookeries, they continue laying until the early part of July, when the "eggers" cease collecting. Each pair of birds then manage to hatch one or two eggs, and by the time the young are grown it is their migrating time. On some portions of the islands there are small caves and nooks where the "eggers" do not go, and here many of the persecuted Murres find peace. The caves are usually crowded with birds, squatting on their single egg on the bare rock, but they huddle into the most remote corner when a person enters. The foul odor arising from the damp caves and the birds, make too long a visit quite unpleasant.

A few days before the "eggers" intend to begin operations, they select routes covering all the cliffs where the Murres lay, and go carefully over them, breaking all the eggs in order to destroy any that may be incubated. In a day or two another lot of eggs have been laid, which can be collected as fresh. As the Murres nest on the same cliffs throughout the season, it enables the "eggers" to keep the same routes. Let us start out with the "eggers" in the morning and follow them through a collecting trip. They have no occasion to hurry in their work, so it is usually 8 or 9 o'clock before they start. A few minutes walk across the level "flat" of the island, which is covered with stones and bowlders, brings us to the foot of the cliffs.

We wind in and out among the gullies, now clambering over the wreckage old ocean has cast up; then walking for a few moments on a level stretch of rock. This brings to an artificial suspension bridge of wire and rope, stretching across a small yet rocky channel of water. Carefully crossing, we find a well-beaten path over the cliffs and rocks which leads to our destination. The party divides, and each man takes a separate ground. With their canvass shoes they scale the cliffs with ease and safety.

As an "egger" approaches a flock of

Murres the gulls begin their harsh screams, seemingly to assist in scaring the Murres from their eggs. The air is often black with multitudes of Gulls. As the "egger" nears the rookery, the Murres stir uneasily, but remain on their eggs until they are sure their enemy is about to rob them, when, with a last glance at their treasures, they shamble from the rocks and soar out over the ocean. The "egger" rapidly gathers the eggs and puts them in the folds of his blouse. The Gulls, however, manage to get their share, and should the collector overlook any, *Larus occidentalis* quickly discovers them. Owing to the voracity of the Gull, the Murre never leaves its egg for a moment unless compelled to.

As soon as the "egger" "cleans out" a rookery, he goes to his baskets and unloads himself, taking care to cover the eggs securely before he leaves for another collecting ground. Climbing about on some of the high cliffs is exceedingly dangerous and ropes are used for safety. A solitary "egger" on the summit of a high cliff at a distance, with thousands of screaming Gulls hovering about him is a weird scene to one who has never witnessed such. The Gulls are very fierce and many of the eggers carry clubs, which they wave vigorously above their heads, in order to prevent attacks from these birds. I am told that one saucy Gull swooped down on an unwary "egger" and, fastening its talons in his straw hat, sailed out over the ocean with it. I can bear proof to their attacks on persons disturbing their young.

As the eggs are collected the baskets are put together in some central spot, and are securely covered with weeds, weighted down with rocks. They are left here until all the rookeries have been visited, when each man takes two baskets and the party returns to the egg-house. Here all the eggs are washed and then piled up. The egg-house is a small structure with thick stone sides to make it cool. In the middle of the season 250 dozen eggs are sometimes collected in a single day. When a sufficient number have been obtained they are put loosely into compartments of a large fishing-boat and taken to the San Fransisco market where they are sold to hotels, restaurants and bakeries. 6,000 dozen eggs were shipped from the Farallones this year in a little over one month's time. In San Fransisco, Murres' eggs are usually known as "Gulls" eggs. The latter are very palpable but seldom reach the market.

During my stay on the Farallones I had an opportunity of testing Murres' eggs as food. I could not detect any fishy taste in the fresh eggs and liked them fully as well as "hen fruit."

I suppose it is almost unnecessary to say that the Murres' eggs range in color from a plain bluish-white, through various shades of green into pure white as a ground color. The markings are brown and black and often have the shape of beautiful scrolls. The variations in color of Murres' eggs makes a series desirable for a cabinet. One egg is the full complement.

It is no wonder that the persecuted Murre seeks a nesting place "away from the busy haunts of men," for the despoiler of their homes can but be an object of fear to them. At present, I think the California Murre exceeds in numbers any species on the Farallones, but whether the depredations of the eggers will noticeably decrease these birds, or not is a question that only the future can solve.

C. Barlow,
Santa Clara, Cal.

Western Gull. (LARUS OCCIDENTALIS)

AOU. No - 49.

This bird is the terror of all others on the Farallones. During the winter months it lingers about the wharves in San Francisco and subsists on the refuse, floating about in the bay. I did not see a single gull while I was in S.F. in July '92 nor on my way to the Islands. They are common breeders on the Farallones, and commence to nest in May.

Fresh eggs may be had through May & June, and I found a few in July. At the latter time, however, most of the eggs were incubated and young ones were crawling about over the

rocks in large numbers. None were more than half grown

On the afternoon of the 5th of July — my first day on the Island — I went out to look for gulls eggs, perhaps because I thought they were the easiest found. Frank and I took a basket and went south of the keeper's house to look among the rocks, near the surf

The Gulls were flying — or rather sailing — out over the ocean and then back, all the while uttering their coarse - "quock kuck, kuck, ka." There is certainly no music in this birds cry.

We hunted among the

rocks miscellaneously and found a set of 3 and one of 2 eggs. The nest are rude affairs, comprized of coarse Fucellon weed. It is simply a pile of weed about 3 inches high with a slight depression in the center. The nests are, on an average, about 1 foot in diameter.

At the beginning of the season, I think 3 and possibly 4 is a complement of eggs, but as the season advances and their eggs are destroyed, they often lay but 2 eggs. I found some nests with but one egg in them, and this almost ready to hatch.

The eggs are a light olive color with shades of bluish-brown and indistinct lilac all over the surface

This bird nests commonly on the low portion of the Id. lying between the fog-signal and East End. Nests are also made on all sides of the light house hill, at all altitudes. When on the West End I observed many young and a number of nests — hence I think the Western Gull is an indiscriminate breeder, so far as heights or locations are concerned.

The Gull is a bird who can disturb your peace to a greater degree than any human-being possibly could. Perhaps you are standing on a narrow ledge on some part of the lighthouse hill, or cliff on the West End,

having into a Cuffins burrow to "smelling" a Petrel when a Gull without warning will swoop down on you with a blood-curdling cry and you will be inclined to believe that its nose is 1000 per cent better than its company.

On several occasions this occured to me, and I could not find out what caused the bird to attack me. I concluded it was pure meanness so I "got even". Thereafter whenever I was out the rocks and found most of my young ones crawling about I would throw them as far down the cliffs as was possible. The Gull has no friends

either among the birds or men - but immutable enemies.

Color of Gull - Breast - pure white; Back, slaty - blue and edge of wings darker. Bill yellow with red spot

The following was written by me for "The Cal. Traveller & Naturalist"

Everyone who has visited the ferry landing at San Francisco during the Winter months has seen the Western Gull. It is known by many as the "sea-gull." The birds hover about vessels and scan the water with their keen eyes in search of food. But to see them in nesting season is entirely different. They are then very fierce and will often swoop down on a person without cause or warning. The gull is white with a slaty-blue back and yellow bill. They nest on the ground among the rocks and also on the sloping side of cliffs. The nest is a careless affair of coarse weeds and is about a foot in diameter. Two or three eggs, usually the latter number, are laid although I found nests containing but one egg, ready to hatch. The eggs are a dark drab or olive brown color with dark splashes of brown. They measure 2.80x1.95. Fresh eggs can be found through June and I took several in July and are excellent food.

The gull obtains its food by theft chiefly. The instant a murre leaves its egg, a dozen gulls are fighting for it and the Cormorants find it a task to protect their eggs from these pirates. A gull will fly to a Cormorant's nest and force his bill through the shells of the eggs and in a few seconds they are emptied of their contents. Not so with the Murre's eggs, their extremely thick shell causes the gull trouble. Usually he will take the egg crosswise in his beak and fly a short distance and let it drop on a rock to break it. Then he alights and feasts on its contents. A writer in the "Overland Monthly" correctly portrays the nature of the gull in the following incident. One of the Greek egg pickers saw a gull greedily devouring a Cormorant's egg, which is considered wholly unfit for food and explained; "He no eata him because he lika him, he eata just for mean."

THE CORMORANTS

Farallone Cormorant — A.O.U. No 120c
(PHALACROCORAX DILOPHUS ALBOCILIATUS)

Color — Uniform iridiscent black.
Gular fretch, a bright yellow

Brandt's Cormorant. A.O.U. No 122
(PHALACROCORAX PENICILLATUS)

Color — Uniform Black
Gular fronch, blue but the
bird appears as pure black.

Baird's Cormorant, A.O.U. No 123b.
(PHALACROCORAX PELAGICUS RESPLENDENS)

Color — Black predominating.
Gular Patch — Red.
(White patch on either
side of tail) Smaller
than two preceding species

The family of Cormorants form a rather interesting group of birds, although large numbers are on the Farallone Islands.

There are three species, Farallones, Brandt's and Baird's.

On the afternoon of July 5th 92 I found two nests each containing three eggs, of Baird's Cormorant. It was on the East End at the end of a picturesque little cove, where the breakers rolled in, grandly. These nests were about 15 feet above the water and about 5 feet from the top of the bluff. I managed to get both sets, both being about 1/2

incubated. The eggs are a light greenish-blue color with a thick calcareous deposit on the shell. This could be washed off but in my mind spoils the value and natural appearance of the eggs. Birds build nests on the steep and often inaccessible cliffs in colonies of a few pairs only so one may look for them on the steepest cliffs usually very near the water. I found but three eggs in any of the nests I examined though I think four or even five are sometimes laid.

Most of the nests I found, I could not obtain but presume all the eggs were incubated. Probably June is

the best month for fresh eggs.

I found the Farallone variety breeding in rest rookeries, chiefly on the West End. On July 6th we accompanied the eggers on their trip to the West End after Murre's eggs.

I enjoyed the trip very much as everything was new to me and the Greeks very jolly and obliging. I will not go into detail regarding the trip. When we rounded the last hill that hid the cliff forming the extreme West end of the Island, it was a grand sight. There was a vast expanse of water - the Pacific Ocean

But on a sloping hillside facing us was an immense rookery of Cormorants, which would have made a fine view. We started across a level stretch of land that led to the foot of the hill. As we came further 100 feet from the birds they all rose from their nests and flew wildly overhead in an awkward manner, and then sailed out over the ocean some distance, finally settling in a compact group on the water. They remained there as long as we were on the West End.

But the eggs — As soon as the Cormorants left their nests the Greeks told us to hurry if we wanted any eggs.

As usual the gulls were onhand but I stationed Frank in about the center of the rookery and instructed him to have his basket and keep the gulls away. I then looked for nests.

There must have been 200 nests about 1 foot apart in rows on the shelves of rock. Each one was simply a mass of dry Fucalbu weed 12 inches in diameter and hollowed out enough to hold the eggs. They were compact. A disagreeable odor pervaded the place but I could stand it for eggs.

Many nests had but 1 egg in; others two and 3

found a few behind the cliff where the birds had not been scared off for several days, containing three and four eggs. Considering the number of nests, a very small percentage contained full sets.

The Greeks do not bother the Cormorants intentionally but they pass so near the rookeries after the Murres that the Cormorants fly off and the Gulls at once eat the eggs. As the eggers pass the rookery almost every day, the Cormorants fly off and their eggs are at once devoured. So I presume it is not until after the eggers have ceased visiting in July that these birds can hatch their

eggs. Of course, once in a while a few pair of these Cormorants will stray off and build their nests in some odd place where the eggers do not come and then no doubt they breed in peace.

Brandt's Cormorant nests almost exactly the same as Farallones and the eggs cannot be distinguished from one another.

There are three large rookeries on the West End — one is Farallon and I think the other two are Brandt's. I also noticed one on Finger Rock and a small one on Sea Lion Islet. The latter is of course unapproachable.

The eggs of Brandt's and

Swallows are considerably larger than Birds. The Cormorants subsist chiefly on fish that they catch

In one little cove near the West End I found a nest of Brandts containing ~~eggs~~, badly incubated. I did not blow them. This is an unusually large set, I think

All the Cormorants fly very awkwardly and rather slow. Most of them did not seem to care when scared from their nests, but one bird I found on its nest near the lighthouse, and when frightened off, flew back repeatedly. I found young in the nest which probably accounted for

the mother's anxiety. She was afraid the Gulls would eat them.

From the Traveller & Naturalist

Birds of the Farallone Islands.

2. THE THREE CORMORANTS ~~AND TUFTED PUFFIN~~.

C. BARLOW, SANTA CLARA.

With reference to numbers, the family of Cormorants deserve third place in the list of Farallone birds. There are three varieties of Cormorants on the Islands; Brandt's, Farallone and Baird's, in the order of their number. Compared with the other birds they are rather an uninteresting group. They seldom associate with any but their own kind.

To a disinterested person, the three varieties of Cormorant would present the same color, a glossy black. They are distingnished only by the color of the gular patch, or pouch under the throat. In Brandt's it is blue; in the Farallone, yellow; and in Baird's, an orange-red. Baird's can also be known by two small white spots on the back, near the tail.

In China, the natives use the Cormorant to catch fish. In this they are expert. An iron band is fastened around the throat, below the pouch and prevents them from swallowing the fish.

On the Farallones the Brandt's and Farallone varieties nest in large rookeries. The one I visited contained some 200 nests and it was not considered extensive. The nests are composed of sea-kelp and a rank weed known as Farallone weed. On an average the nests were about a foot across and six or eight inches high. In a complete set, three or four eggs are laid, but is extremely difficult to obtain large sets during the Summer months, for the eggers in passing the rookeries almost daily, scare the birds from their nests and the gulls make short work of eggs.

The eggs are bluish white and are covered with a chalky substance, long and pointed and average 2. 62 x 1. 50 (inches). These measurements answer for both the varieties described and the bird MUST BE SEEN to establish the identity of the eggs.

Baird's Cormorant is solitary in habits and breeds in pairs of three or fonr together and the nests are inaccessible, some I noticed half way up a perpendicular 100 foot cliff, on projecting ledges. The nests resemble those of the others, but often a foot or more in height. The eggs average 2.20 x 1.45. three in a set, but I have found six

Tufted Puffin. (LUNDA CIRRHATA)

A.O.U. No. 12

Color- Black. Feet and beak, red. Head + Face White. Two straw-yellow crests about two inches long, one on each side of head.

This grotesque-looking bird made a great impression on my mind. They are most common on the sides of lighthouse hill and also at a place near the Great Murre Rookery on the West End. As one stands near the lighthouse and looks down the steep hill, on all sides may be seen Tufted Puffins standing on guard at their burrows.

There is nothing particularly interesting to be observed about this bird as you cannot approach very close, without the bird taking flight.

The Puffin nests in long tunnels or burrows in the Rocks, and a scoop must be used to obtain the eggs in most cases. Only one egg is laid, and it is very large considering the size of the bird. The egg is a dull-white in color with usually a few obscure lilac shell markings that give the egg an appearance of not being fully blown.

The Puffin is a strong bird and tenacious of life. This I know from an

incident that occurred on the West End. One of the Greeks captured a Puffin and as I wished to photograph it he offered to kill it. He first choked it for a time but the bird kicked and scratched vigorously. Then he wrung the birds neck several times but to no avail, then he cut its throat with a knife.

I collected the eggs of the Tufted Puffin at odd times during my six days stay on the Swallow Isls but only took 10 in all. These were mostly incubated. This is undoubtedly the month for fresh eggs. I found few of the burrows to exceed five feet in length

and in some cases a little weed was used to deposit the egg on.

The Puffin is a very handsome bird.

The following is from the "Times Naturalist"

The Tufted Puffin, (LUNDA CIRRHATA) is the most grotesque looking and, to my mind, the most handsome, on the Islands. It is known by the light-keepers as the "sea parrot," because of its immense beak. The bird is black, with a white face and a yellow crest about two inches long on either side of the head. The feet and beak are a livid red.

The nests, if such they might be called, are burrows in the side-hills between the rocks ; nothing is built, the egg being laid at the end. The Puffin will bite viciously when in it's burrow and it is advisable to drive the bird off before attemting to get the eggs. The burrow is often three or four feet long and a scoop is used to get the egg. The egg is often a dull white and often has a few lilac spots near the large end. A typical egg measures 2.75x1.95 and one is laid, only. While on the Farallones, I often watched the Puffins from the light house hill. On the sides of this hill they are plentiful and as the twilight come on, they assembled near their burrows and stood like sentinels, often screaming in harsh tones. One bird I scared from near the light house, 200 feet above the sea, that started on a bee line below, cutting the in it's downward flight with frightful velocity and pludged head-first into the huge breakers !

FOR THE T. & N.

Cassin's Auklet. (PTYCHORAMPHUS ALEUTICUS)

A.O.U. No. 16.

Color Belly, white. Chin gray. Back, grayish black. Eyes. White

Cassin's Auklet is considered by some as a rare bird and probably it is aside from a few places, such as the Farallones, where it breeds.

I found it the commonest breeder, aside from the Gull. Juru in July 42. Took some 25 sets of eggs of this bird, most of which were about 1/2 incubated showing that June 25 or thereabouts was the best time for fresh eggs. They lay two or three times during the

season, and begin, I was informed by Mr Beeman, the early part of March.

The Auklet is a nocturnal bird and is never seen flying about except, perhaps at night. I found the Auklet breeding in large numbers on the south side of Finger Rock, a large barren cliff where at first sight it would appear there was not as much as a crevice for a bird to hide in. The "flat" north-west of the Keepers' residences also contained a good many Auklets, as well as all part of the Lighthouse Hill. I found one Auklet setting on its eggs within 4 inches

for an Ashy Petrel I was looking for.

Often the Auk nests on the ground under stone-piles; while in rents and crevices of rock on the Lighthouse Hill I found them with a number of feathers for a nest.

Everything considered Cassin's Auklet is as plain and uninteresting a bird as can be found anywhere.

When you remove an Auk from its eye and hold it up to look at, it is an excellent thing to hold him off for a yard or so until he has given vent to his surprise then he may safely be opened.

The following is from the Calif. Fruitgrower Returned

Birds of the Farallone Islands.

3. CASSIN'S AUKLET ~~AND PIGEON GUILLEMOT.~~

This interesting and reliable series, by C. BARLOW; Santa Clara, Cal., is the result of personal notice.
BACK NUMBERS CAN BE SUPPLIED AT FIVE CENTS EACH.

HERE we are among the SMALL birds of the Islands and who will say they are not as interesting as their larger relatives? Come with me in quest of our Cassin,s Auklet. After a laborious climb we arrive at an altitude of about 150 feet, where the granite cliffs have disentegrated to a great extent, forming crevices and loose slabs of rock. We peer into the dark recesses and at last spy a likely place for an Auklet. Perhaps there is a jutting rock in the hole and if we reach in behind it, we are more than liable to pull out a bird. The Auklet nests usually a few inches from the mouth of the hole - just far enough to be out of the light. I remember one I pulled off it's egg and held up for inspection. It blinked oddly at me and the rays of the sun seemed to dazzle its eyes. In color it was as follows: throat, gray; breast, white back, grayish-white; eyes, white.

One white egg with a very slight greenish tinge is deposited. It is slightly larger than a pigeon's egg. I found the Auklet, [PTYCHORAMPHUS ALEUTICUS] nesting at the highest elevations and also under piles of large rocks on the lower portions of the Island. The Auklet is a nocturnal bird and only appears about dusk, when large numbers can be seen flying through the air.

Pigeon Guillemot. (CEPPHUS COLUMBA)
A.O.U. № 29

Color.- Black, with a white patch on each wing. Feet and inside of mouth, lined red

This bird is seldom, if ever found away from the water for any distance. I watched several groups of them as they sat by the ocean on the rocks the spray dashed at their very feet. The main characteristic was a low whistling note, made to each other as they vigorously bowed their heads. Often one would be found on the rocks alone and would make a shrill whistle not

unlike that of a domestic pigeon, though much louder. This was the only note I heard utter.

I only took three sets of two of their eggs though the birds were plentiful. It was probably too late. They nest near the water, under a large boulder or in a crevice. The eggs are described further on.

Carl, the son of one of the Kufus had a number of crannies located where he knew the guillemots laid and we went around and visited them. In one place two eggs had been laid. This shows that the foolish birds do not

tient their nests even if robbed repeatedly.

The following is from the "Cruise of Naturalists"

From the cliffs and hills we scramble down to the shore, where the breakers are crashing over the rocks in mighty grandeur. Here, may we find a dozen or more birds in a solemn conclave. They are as large as a small duck and sit upright, while they softly "whistle" or converse with each other, as the spray dashes at their feet. They are handsome, with their black plumage, white patch on the wing and bright red feet. Here the Pigeon Guillemot, [CEPPHUS COLUMBA] is fully at home.

This bird nests under the large boulders, near the surf, and lays two eggs, which are a beautiful pearl-gray or greenish color, with blotches of bright brown principally on the large end. The Pigeon Guillemot is known to the Light-keepers as the "Sea Pigeon." I found the eggs are moderately rare and think the birds must nest more frequently on the Middle or North Farallone, where they could breed undisturbed. They seem to have a greater attachment for the water than any of the birds.

I noticed several young Guillemots that had not yet outgrown their black fuzzy coats, scrambling about over the rocks within a few feet of the water and when an unusually large wave came in they had to keep their grip pretty well washing away. Truly, these are birds of the sea!

Rock Wren. (Salpinctes Obsoletus)

A.O.U. No 715

Color. General color, a brownish gray. Dotted all over with small dots of black and white, but these run together and [illegible] as a group. Identified by its small size.

The Rock Wren is the smallest bird found on the Islands, and I did not find a set of eggs in July/92, it being rather late. June is the best time for fresh eggs. Yet in July I found nests which I think were being built. I also saw a number of old nests. These are a number of old stone walls on

various forts of the Swallows that have stood for years. They are about 3 feet high and made of slabs of rock laid loosely on top of each other. Sand has settled between the rocks and behind one little rock in the wall the Rock Wren nests.

The nest is a delicate affair made of cocoanut fiber & hair, usually situated very near the ground and only in two or three inches from the opening. The eggs are from 4 to seven, a creamy white, thickly spotted with dots of reddish-brown.

The singular thing about the nests is, that a collection of bleached bones & shells, varying in size, marks the entrance

to the west. This is certainly a curious trait of the Ubsen. I should like to watch one carrying the bones to its nest.

The Rockubsen is an extremely modest looking little bird. It can be found hopping about on the level and low portions of the Island, and I even saw a pair nearly up to the Lighthouse.

The only note uttered when hopping about was a "chirp", but often a Ubsen would mount a large boulder and give voice to a pretty, and short warble. I do not see where they get water to drink, and have the

thought the same thing as to the sea birds, but could not find out. The following is from the "G. P."

Birds of the Farallone Islands.

4. ROCK WREN ~~AND ASHY PETREL.~~

FOR my conclusion I have reserved the two smallest and rarest birds that have cast their lot on this sea-girt isle.

As everyone knows, the Rock Wren is a land bird and how he ever reached the Farallones, is more than I can surmise; yet he is there and is indeed a welcome visitor to the keepers. No matter where you go on the Islands you will be greeted by the cheerful chirp of little SALPINCTES OBSOLETUS, as he hops among the rocks and lures you from his nest. I watched one as he glided under a small pile of rocks; I felt assured of a nest and I waited and watched, and as the bird did not come out, I felt certain. But a search proved that a Wren was only on a tour of inspection for any stray bugs accidently around.

The Rock Wren is of a rather uniform gray color. speckled with dots of black and white. The nest is of small fibres and grass and lined with feathers and hair; it is usually placed in a crevice of some stone pile. The entrance is invariably paved with small bones and shells, bleached with the sun; thus a nest is easily identified, when found.

Four to seven creamy white eggs, lightly speckled with brown, are laid.

THE ASHY PETREL
(Oceanodroma Homochroa)
A.O.U. No 108.

Color General Color Black.
Breast — a dark ash
Tail forked 3/4 of an inch
Bill, dull black. Length 7 1/4 in.
Width 16 1/2 inches.

From The Traveller & Naturalist

The Ashy Petrel is conceded by all to be a rare bird and breeds only on the Farallones. It is never seen flying about as it is nocturnal, but often in the night they are attracted by the glare of the powerful blaze in the light-house and dash themselves against the glass with such a force as to be stunned, when they are easily captured.

I was successful beyond expectation in collecting their eggs for I had not dared hope to see the bird, much less find an egg. One morning a Greek egg-picker gave me the benefit of his small store of knowledge of this Petrel and on that I based my hopes. I turned over every stone in a large area, but without success. On the same afternoon I stole off to the West End and went to work on a cliff and after considerable smelling secured three eggs, one of which broke. I obtained several others and found a number of young. The Petrel is best found by its strong musky odor. In color the bird is almost a uniform black and has a forked tail; the eggs are a creamy white with a faint wreath of brown spots around the large end. Only one egg is laid, on the bare ground. They average 1.17x.89 inches.

Next article will describe some of the interesting sights.

C. BARLOW. SANTA CLALA, CAL.

Next is my article written for the "Oologist" Aug 1892 —

The Ashy Petrel (*Oceanodroma homochroa*) **on the Farallones.**

Having seen and read very little In the OÖLOGIST concerning the habits and breeding of that rare and beautiful bird, the Ashy Petrel, I venture my observations.

The morning of July 5th found my cousin, F. N. Kirschbaum and myself expectantly awaiting the departure of the tug-boat *Active* at the wharf in San Francisco. We gazed with admiration on the restless little boat as it rose and fell with the tide; and as the sun sent his first golden rays glittering over the waters, from behind the Eastern hills, we boarded the tug and were soon ploughing our way through the peaceful waters of the Bay of San Francisco toward the Golden Gate, on a trip to the Farallone Islands. Never shall I forget the beauty of that scene—the smoking of the ferry-boats as they prepared for another day's labor; the rapid skimming of some light fishing boat across our wake, and above all the beautiful quiet of the early morning hours.

But, as is the case of most amateur seamen beauties soon depreciated in value, as the form of the grim monster Seasickness came into view. The remainder of our voyage may have been lined with the most charming and picturesque scenery for aught we knew, but of it we saw nothing. Eventually we arrived at the Farallones, and I for one could imagine the feelings of poor Robinson Crusoe, as I stepped seasick, and dizzy, upon the barren rocks. This feeling however, soon vanished aud left me fitted to enjoy the beauties of the Islands.

We remained six days on the Farallones, during which time we collected many sets of eggs of the more common varieties, but it is of the Ashy Petrel that I wish to speak in detail. This is by no means a common resident, although I am convinced that these Islands are the the breeding place of a liberal number. During my stay on the Islands I examined 18 nests, of the Ashy Petrel, 6 containing eggs; 7 containing young; and the remaining 3 containing only the broken shells, the young birds having left the nests.

My first observations were from a nest at the extreme end of a cave, damp and moss.grown, shown me by the genial Lighthouse Engineer, Mr. Winthar,. The egg was lying on the damp ground with absolutely nothing for a nest. It was discolored by the moss on which it lay, and in some manner had become badly cracked. It was advanced in incubation and could not be blown.

Directly above the entrance to this cave, in the crevice of a large rock we noticed a forked tail protruding. Hastily ascending and reaching into the crevice, we pulled out a Petrel. Much to our disappointment and disgust, the hole proved to contain a promising young bird. It was from the old bird that I received a good deal of instruction in regard to collecting the eggs of this species· Let me say in the beginning that if you are not possessed of a moderately sensitive nasal apparatus,

you can invest your time more profitably in collecting the other varieties of eggs, for "smelling" the Ashy Petrel is the only way you can find its nest.

Imagine a collector arrayed in a pair of overalls, crawling along some rough and ancient stone-wall on the Farallones, and inserting his nose at frequent intervals between the rocks, and you have an idea of the successful Petrel hunter. After catching the bird on the nest near the cave, I took a few good whiffs of its feathers and this made me familiar with its scent. The Ashy Petrel has a musky smell, or as some term it— "strong."

On the following day I set out to spend an hour or two in hunting for these eggs, I repaired to a rocky cliff on the "West End" and selected a place where there were many loose slabs of rock, On smelling of a crevice in the cliff I immediately recognized the scent of the previous day and now I had a Petrel. By removing a number of the rocks I found the bird. She was unceremoniously removed but as the nest contained a young bird I replaced the mother. In color the adult bird was black, verging into a dark ash on the breast. The tail was forked $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. The bird measured $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length and $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width, the wings of the Ashy Petrel being very long. The beak was a dull black and slightly hooked at the end, while at the base was a sort of tube which is used to spread oil over the bird's feathers. The feet were webbed.

I resumed my search and found two more nests in the same part of the cliff; one above and the other a little below my first. Both contained eggs but one was accidentally broken in removing it from the hole. Packing the other, I went to a stone wall about three feet high where I scented another bird. The nest was found among the stones on the ground and contained one egg which is invariably the full complement. In no case did I find any trace of a nest, save the bare rock. The remainder of my nests were situated quite close to the residents of the Island, and in most cases under piles of rocks and bowlders which have, year after year, accumaiated.

Out of the eight eggs found, two were broken by accident, while the remaining six I now have. Of these two are cracked and incubated so as to be unblowable. The six eggs measure as follows: 1.12x.92; 1.13x.88; 1.12x.87; 1.18x.87; 1.25x.94: and 1.25x.88. This gives an average of 1.17x.89. In color, the egg of the Ashy Petrel is a creamy white when fresh, with usually a wreath of faint brown spots around the large end. Out of my six specimens two are very distinctly marked while the others are very faint.

The remainder of the nests examined were situated much the same as those I have described. In no case can any special place be given as preferable for Petrels, for they seem to breed almost anywhere among the rocks. But I have never yet found them in holes or burrows, they seeming to prefer crevices and rents in the rock. In the cases of some of the nests the birds must have zigzagged in among the sharp edges of stone until it found some flat ledge secure from molestation, where the single egg was laid, but it matters very little where the bird may be, if you are acquainted with its scent.

The Ashy Petrel is strictly a nocturnal bird, which, like Cassin's Auklet, renders it much more difficult of discovery. But the novelty and what might be termed excitement, of collecting these eggs will ever make memorable my trip to the Farallones.

C. Barlow,
Santa Clara, Cal.

This rare bird, the Asiy Petrel, is said to breed nowhere in the World but on the Tinallone Islands, and it does not breed there in any great numbers.

After having been told to "not be afraid of seeing any Petrels" just previous to going to the Islands, my hopes were not very high and I did not expect to find an egg. When I had been on the Tinallone a day the keepers on the ones asked me quite often why I didn't find some Petrel eggs. If as frequently their talk had led me to think there was a possibility of running across an egg sometime.

It was on the morning of July 7th when, while going to the East End after Murres Eggs, one old Geek again filed the question to me "why didn't I find a Petrel egg?" I questioned him more closely. "He smella strong" was all I could learn about the egg and while the eggers climbed the cliffs near at hand I began to overturn large boulders on all sides to try and find a Petrel. Finally I came upon two pieces of shell of an egg that had hatched and had a few faint spots on the large end. I was sure it was the shell of an Ashy Petrel egg.

and listened to my friend the Greek who smelled it and said it was only that of the stuff of a Rockhoren's egg. I felt considerably disappointed but I left emptying and found no eggs.

It was on this afternoon that I slipped away to the West End for the Greeks would not have let me go for fear I would carry Burrs. I well remember how I felt when I found my first Petrel Egg and realized the fact it was mine.

But now I spent an afternoon on the West End is told in the preceding article and I will not repeat it

A large number of Petrels nest under the old store walls extending from near the residence to the East End. I found two eggs in five minutes there. The fact that Mr Beeman has never found a bird on its egg, nor secured an egg, attests the rarity of this Petrel.

There was certainly a bird nesting in the walls of the egg-house a structure some 10 x 6 feet out as I could not turn out the stones I could not get the egg. I [illegible] the Petrel (by smell) within a foot but had to give it up.

There may anywhere on the Island, at [illegible]

a high elevation. Nesting is needless a wast I do not consider them any harder to find if they are nesting in a place than an market. Of course there are some places where it is needless to look

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#

The above completes the catalogue of birds nesting within Haddonfield in any numbers

One or more pairs of Northern Ravens are said to nest on a perpendicular cliff on the way to the West End. I did not notice the birds a few otters skins are hanging the

beach but do not breed.

Notice- It will be noticed that a description of the plumage of each variety of bird is given. These are from my personal observation. One afternoon I took my note-book and climbing to Lighthouse Hill noticed all the birds and took note.

After five days we started to come home and each hour after that made us worry. Eggs were no longer an object, but we had some. We saw two boats on the Western smoking furiously and in two hours time they were near the Island but went by into the city. It was exasperating to stand & watch them and see the outline of the coast in the distance

Sunday July 10/92

I looked a little for Edels and took three and brought them about 1 P.M. the "Sea Witch" made fast to the buoy and the Captain came ashore and went up to the big Inn To

look for ships. He said he would take us into the city and as no ship showed up at dusk thought he would likely go back Monday morning. Comforted by this information I went to bed, with the "tug" friendly in view in the beautiful moonlight. As we were dressing the following morning Mr. Berman came to the door and said — "Your boat went off last night. A ship came by and took a tow. So you are disappointed again" and we were most certainly, and I spent all my time on the look-out for tug boats.

I went to the East End and soon discovered

two tugs and then a third. They were racing to reach a fish wound in — — was yet some distance west of the Swallows. Two men of the "Redstack" line and one of the Freckles. They met the fish opposite the Island and the Freckles + one of the Redstacks turned and followed him, each trying to get the bow.

The third tug, a Redstack, "The Sea King" came to the buoy and her Captain landed. He promised to take us in and we backed up and left at his legs all day. No fish appeared and we thought we were "in" for another night. About 5 o'clock while at the house we saw the Captain

running down from the lighthouse and felt sure we were to leave soon.
"Hurry up boys, if you want to go" he said and rushing for our baskets + cameras we bade all adieu and rapidly made our way to East Landing.
A short + rough pull by two of the crew brought us to the "Seaking" We got aboard, the tug whistled and went rapidly through a rough, choppy sea toward the vessel.
It was rough indeed but as we began to feel squeamish we reached the ship.
Albergin was struck + we took leave in town. The weight of the vessel made the tug run smoothly

and the Captain told us we were welcome to come in his cabin which we did. He was a gentleman. The trip to San Francisco was very pleasant in the moonlight and we were not at all seasick. We passed the Golden Gate and had a fine view of the city with its millions of lights. At 11.30 we came into the dock, having been gone 6 days + 18 hours on our trip. It was the best in-bound trip I ever made.

C. Sinclair

RANDOM NOTES
From My Diary of 1892

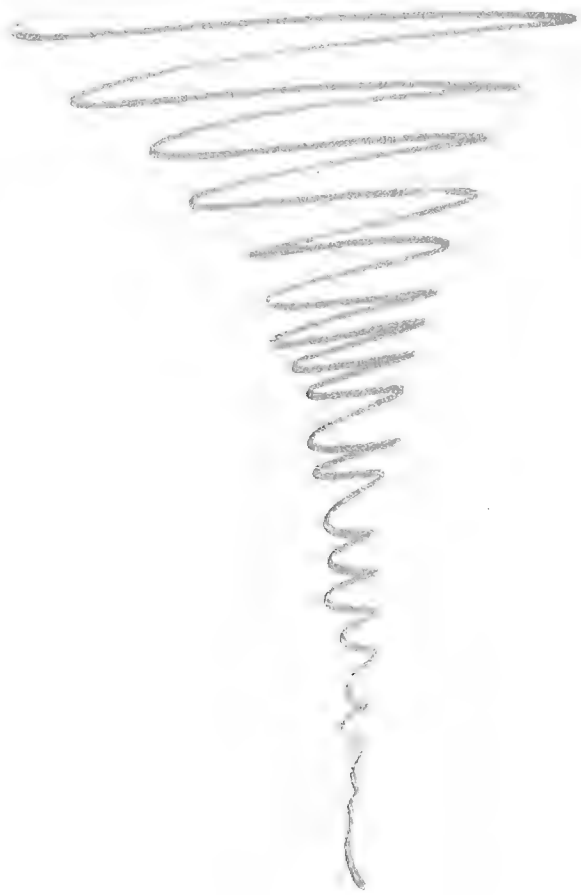
April 10th – Found a butcher-bird's nest in cypress tree containing one egg.

April 15 – Took nest with the 6 eggs of the above pair of birds, showing they had laid 1 egg per day.

Apl 16/92 Discovered two nests of Cal. Bushtits in large oaks. Didn't try to climb.

4/22/92 Got a "kid" to climb to one of my bush-tit nests and got a set of 7 fresh eggs. They gave me two sets of Sumichr's Sparrow 1/3 + 1/4 collected on 19th + 20th.

May 7, 92 - Found a nest of each Bicolored Blackbird - Samuel's song sparrow but neither contained eggs.



— SEASON —
— of —
— 1893 —

Jan 22/93 - W. & O. & I took a walk. Located a pair of Anna's Hummers but it is too early for nests

Jan 29 93 - We went to Oak hill and saw a pair of W. Redtails in a clump of white oaks. Too early for nests. Also saw a Quail

Feby 19/93 - Went to East San Jose to see Hummers observed "on Jan 22" but could find no trace of them. Saw a number of Turkey Vultures and among others. Sieboree's; W. Meadow Lark, Cal. Shrike. Ark. Goldfinches, Cal. Bush Tit

Migratory Warblers, W. Robin etc.

Feby 22/92

Wt O and myself left San Jose at 7 a.m and by train and bicycle arrived in the mountains back of Mountain View at 8:30. We thought perhaps a Wh Great Horned Owl's nest might show up or possibly a Golden Eagle. We hunted about three hours and saw plenty of rat's nests and cavities in the large trees but could find no owls.

During this time we noted the following specie - Meadow Lark. Cal. Shrike, Calif. Jay, Oregon Junco, Am. Sparrow Hawk, Redtail Hawk, Turkey Vulture. W Robin, Sannel's

Song Sparrow, Calif Quail.
Calif. Brown-T. Anna's
Hummer. House Finch, Arkansas
Goldfinch, Lewis (?) Woodpecker.
Red-shafted Flicker and
representatives of the Chickadees,
Nuthatches + Titmice. Also
saw English Sparrow.

We then rode down
the mountains to the
Valley to Oak Grove to a
place where I have spent
many days collecting. I
soon found a nest of Anna's
Hummer, which was the
first set of eggs taken this ye

situated in a
cypress tree 15 feet
up on horizontal limb.
Composed of down, fine bark,
cobwebs and lined with
feathers. Appeared as a ball of

moss from the ground. The eggs were 1/2 incubated. One broke in blowing.

Soon after, "O" discovered a nest of Anna's Hummer similarly located but it contained one small bird and the other egg probably hatched before night. We left it undisturbed. After packing my nest and eggs we rode our wheels to San Jose, and thus ended the day

87

Anna's Hummer, nest and two eggs, fresh. Collected March 12/93 by Miss Helen Elliott at Oak Grove for me. Nest measures as follows. Diameter inside 1 inch. Outside 1 7/8 in. Depth inside 3/4 in. Outside 1 1/2 "

Composed of down, fine bark, cobwebs and feathers, with a few lichens on it.

Situated 12 feet from the ground in cypress-

Traded to Alanson E Kibbe
Mch 29/93.

MARCH 24, 1892 — Leroy Atkinson found a nest of Calif. shrike today about 12 ft. up in cypress tree, near College Park, containing 6 fresh eggs. This I consider rather an early date, because of the unusually heavy rains for the season.

Above composed of straw, string and feathers. Lined with Cocoa-nut

89. {84

MARCH 26 '93 - Annis summer
1/2 taken at Mt. View. Calif.
Nest 20-feet upon a horizontal
limb of cypress tree. Composed
of the usual material

Saturday - March 25 '93 -
Schneider took set Western
Redtail 1/3 fresh

Saturday Apr 1/93 - W & O
took a set of 3 unspotted
Redtails eggs 2/3 incubated

Apr 1st Black Phoebes, Arkansas Woodpeckers etc are building nests.

Apr. 10th W.O.W. & I took a 10 mile ride to a Hawks nest in an Oak tree 70 feet up. It proved to contain 2 egg woodpecker. Nest was composed of sticks and had a sack as part of lining

Apr. 18th
Arkansas Woodpeckers nesting. Bushtits not numerous. - Black Phoebes are commencing on egg. Took a walk down the Creek. Known of a Cal Towhee's nest building.

House Finches & Shrikes are nesting right along.

Apr 19/93- Went below the Santa Clara Bridge on the Guadalupe Creek found it an excellent place. There were many kinds of birds to be seen. discovered a Arkansas Goldfinches nest in an oak tree on a limb overhanging the Creek but could not reach it.

While looking at it an Anna's Hummer was flitting around and alighting on the dead twigs of a low limb of the Oak. Finally she settled and I saw

the nest - a beauty. It was about 5 feet from the ground and easily seen. But, sad to relate, one egg broke in the box while I was riding home. I saw over a dozen Rufous humms in an apple orchard but evidently they were not yet nesting.

April 20/93 – Went down the Creek this evening. I located a nest of song sparrow with no eggs yet, and also a nest resembling this sparrow built in a bunch of dipt-ial. A small yellow bird, neither a Yellow Warbler nor W. Yellowthroat made a big fuss when approached it so I think it belonged to this bird. As there were no eggs I left it to await development

A short distance further I came across a song sparrows nest built in a low willow bush out over the creek. It contains 3 eggs, and I thought of leaving it

to see if a 4th would be laid but decided not to. When I took them home and attempted to blow them I found they contained young birds, about to hatch.. This set must have been laid rather early

Apr 21/93 — I took a spin down the marsh South of the 5 mile house. I saw hundreds of Redheads and many Coots swimming about in the water and a number of ducks circling overhead. I waded around about 5 minutes and found I was about a week too early. I saw a flock of Kingbirds on fence. As I started ate, I made a short visit.

Apr. 25/93 - Went after Brewer's Blackbird's eggs. Received & blowed take 1/6, 2/5, 3/4 and Crimson House Finch 1/3
The Blackbirds were in willow trees and cypress trees not over 15 feet above the ground. Made of sticks, mud etc.

Apr. 26/93 - Went to the Creek near Santa Cruz bridge and saw a Black Phoebe's nest on a beam. It proved to contain four eggs somewhat incubated which I took with nest. I also noticed a Bush-Tits nest up in an Oak tree near the Bridge and "C" visited it on leaves

It was a very fine nest and contained 8 eggs which [illegible] the average. We then went down the creek and saw many birds but took no eggs. A nest of the Song Sparrow which I discovered two days ago with 1 eggs, still contained but one egg.

On the way back I found six Duck eggs under a bush which were probably domestic

Friday April 29/93. This afternoon I went to Mountain View to look more intelligently for some of Calif. Jay and Summer. I searched in the cypress trees for Summer & Wildfire but found none. I got to where the trees were in the Cedar Creek most two years ago, and decided to climb to it. Climb almost all I was blinded to see the bird have the cavity. There were my eggs yet and I decided to come again later.

Next I went to an old volcano I was told a Screech Owl nested last year. I saw a rotten cavity there, —

[illegible] a [illegible] to move
around in the hole with.
[illegible] a little [illegible] dashed
out his [illegible] on the
[illegible] dry. There was plenty
of [illegible] in the
[illegible] at the bottom of a
[illegible] hole down [illegible]
[illegible] water down [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

I went struck out for
the Creek and had a
long tramp up one side
and down the other.
I saw but one Cal-Jay and
no Thrashers. It
was evident they had
left the locality. I saw
a number of small
birds but it was
too early for most
I'd [illegible] a

grain field I saw my joy, two beautiful snow-white birds with black tipped wings soaring graceful above the tree tops. They tiny twitty twittered in chirrup, shrill whistle. I identified them as White-tailed Kites as I found a nest, probably of these same birds, several years ago.

I was then on the alert for their nest. They settled on a small white oak tree, but I failed to see any nest. One of the birds hovered over an Oak tree for several moments and then sailed off. - finally came to this

tree and on the end of one of the top limbs, probably 40 feet from the ground, I saw a nest which I then was the Kites' nest. It may possibly have been a hawks nest but was black like a hawks nest. I was about to climb when the owner of the place came and "fired" me. I was obliged to leave but intend to go there again in a few days and make the climb. This ended the day and I had a 15 mile ride home, and though I didn't take an egg I was more than satisfied with the famous trip

May 1st /93. Having the afternoon to myself I left home on my wheel at 1130 and in an hour's ride arrived at the marsh. Bicolored & Brewers Blackbirds were plentiful and I saw a few Yellow-headed's also. It was evident some one had been through the fence as there were many tracks in the tules. Saw a few Coots, but found no nests. I returned back and while going through a field of clover & marsh grass I flushed a Mallard from her nest. She left with a "quack" and flew wildly away.

I looked about three feet ahead and saw a fine clutch of eleven eggs of a bluish-gray color, in a beautiful nest of down and feathers. It was nicely concealed in the [illegible]. I photographed the nest and went on toward the road. I took a set of 3 Bi-colored Blackbirds, incubation [illegible]. I had a hard ride home, against the wind.

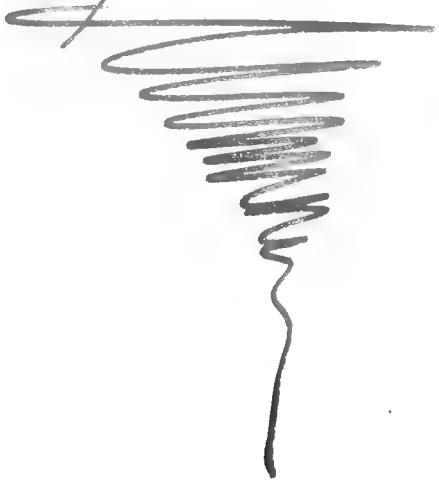
Wed. May 3rd 1893.
I went to Mr
this P.M. and climbed
the tree containing nest
I found on 29th of Apl.
supposed be a
It proved to be an old
one and I looked in
vain for a new nest.
I saw four ♀'s
which indicate two
sets of eggs to be laid
somewhere in that
locality this year. My
Barn Owls nest contained
5 eggs.

May 5th At 5 PM
Osgood & I went to
the small and big
marshes more particular
ly for Ducks nest. We
dragged the grass without

success and went to the big marsh, where I took an Coot 1/4 + Bi. Col. Blackbird 1/3.

Osgood found a Marsh Wren's nest with five eggs. The water was deep and progress was slow

May 6/93 Atkinson took his sets 1/4 + 1/5 of Yellow Warbler yesterday and also found 3 nests of 2 eggs each. They took a set of 6 Bush. Tit in Willow 10 feet up



May 11/93. I went down the Creek this evening to see my rare nest which proved to be a Pilolated Warblers' and it contained four brownish eggs: a deep creamy red in color, with a wreath of brown around the flurye end. They were badly incubated and two broke in blowing. I shot the bird and preserved the skin. The nest was made of grass and stems and lined with brown and white horse hair. It was placed in the crotch of a horizontal willow limb in drift material and was 3½ feet from

ground. Nest:- Diam.
inside 3 inches; Inside-
2 in. - Depth outside, 2 3/4 in
inside 1 1/2 in

May 18/93- Went down
the Creek and took
a set of four yellow
warblers. Found another
nest with eggs, my
first set of 5. Gusset bucks
bunting seen. Found a
ruffle grouse. 6 feet up.
Many new nests
were seen.

May 22/93. Went to Mt Vernon early train reaching there much at 8 o'clock. My Barn Owls nest contained no eggs but many feathers showing it was inhabited.

I noticed a Woodpeckers hole in a stub of an oak and hooked my finger in hoping Screech Owl flew out at the top. She alighted on a limb of the tree, looked at me a moment and swiftly flew back into the hole again. The cavity ran straight down and was four feet deep so I couldn't see the bottom. I tied my bunch of keys to a string and let

down and jiggled them vigorously. Then I knocked on the stub but no owl came out. I thought that certainly no bird would stay there when annoyed so much.

I then got a hatchet and after 10 minutes work chopped a hole through so I could easily. I had cut it exactly for the opening showed the back of the owl. I found three young owls, their eyes not open. I cannot understand how the bird stood the noise + jar of my cutting without leaving the nest.

Soon after I secured three sets of fourteen cliff swallows under eaves of a barn and

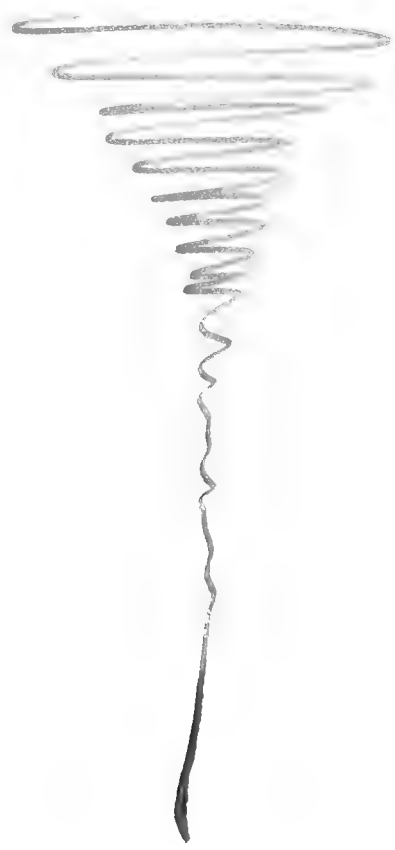
found a Barn swallow containing young.

Saw oak. I found several Brewer's Blackbird nests - one containing four eggs, another several young; the third an old nest; the fourth new with no eggs and the fifth four young birds, all dead, from some cause. In the same tree - found a last years Oriole nest.

Running my hand a nest of two dead young, Chipping Sparrows was found and later on a nest of Anna's Hummer just started in building.

In the afternoon I made a special trip

to the haunts of the White-tailed kite, being gone 5 hours. The two chicks I saw on the 3rd were no where in sight and I could find no nest. I climbed to the top again and it was fresh cultivation. I tore it down. It was made of twigs as large as a lead pencil and had been lined with what had evidently been grass, which had rotted.



May 25/93. Paid a visit to the Creek this P.M. at 4 o'clock with fair success. I first — two a Blk-headed Grosbeaks nest found on the 18th. It contained 3 fresh eggs. Nest placed 6 ft. up in fork of willow bush! I took the nest.

Further on I discovered a Tanager's nest 10 ft. up on limb of a maple tree containing 3 eggs fresh. (set mark 5/3), and near by a nest of a bird built on a mass of rubbish 1 1/2 feet up. This contained 4 eggs incubation begun. (6/4)

Crossing the Creek

I found another Shrubs
nest with four eggs in it.
4 feet up in willow
bush & made as usual.
Incubation 1/2 along (7/4).
As I neared the
bridge a flock of Grosbeaks
attracted my attention
& I found a nest
about 10 feet up in
the extreme top of a
muffie sapling. I
finally beat the bird
down & secured
eggs about 1/2 incubated
(3/3)

May 30th Six oclock this a.m. Schneider, myself and two others left in a carriage, with Pinton on a wheel for A. collecting ground, noted more especially numerous Hummers nests to be found there.

We arrived there early and at once began collecting. While I was climbing a willow stub to get in a woodpeckers hole Schneider bagged a set of 3 Lag. his & one of 4 Arkansas Goldfinch. He, however, dropped two of the former and picked one of the Canary's. I didnt get any W. woodpeckers & we started down the Creek

I discovered a nest about 25 feet from the ground on drooping limb of a scrub oak. I climbed for it and found a Warbling Vireo sitting on the nest. She didn't leave until I almost touched her. I secured 4 eggs which I took with the handsome nest. Incubation, several days. In the same tree I found a set of Dove's on a mere platform of twigs on horizontal limb about 15 feet up. Fresh.

Farther out I found an Oriole's nest with no eggs.

Schneider secured a set of incubated Hummers in a sycamore and took them.

I also took a set of

4 Yellow Warbler.

This ended Salmeidin's & my luck. Pinton took two sets of finches & several nests also Grosbeak 1/3 & W. Wood Pewee 1/3 but broke one.

The other boys took a set of 7 Parkman's Wren and Lounds Kingbird's nest with 2 eggs. which they left.

I saw several unfinished nests of Western Flycatcher and climbed to a tree swallow's nest with young. Altogether it was a pleasant trip & "we returned home, tired but happy."

Lucas v. 1894.

June 15/94.

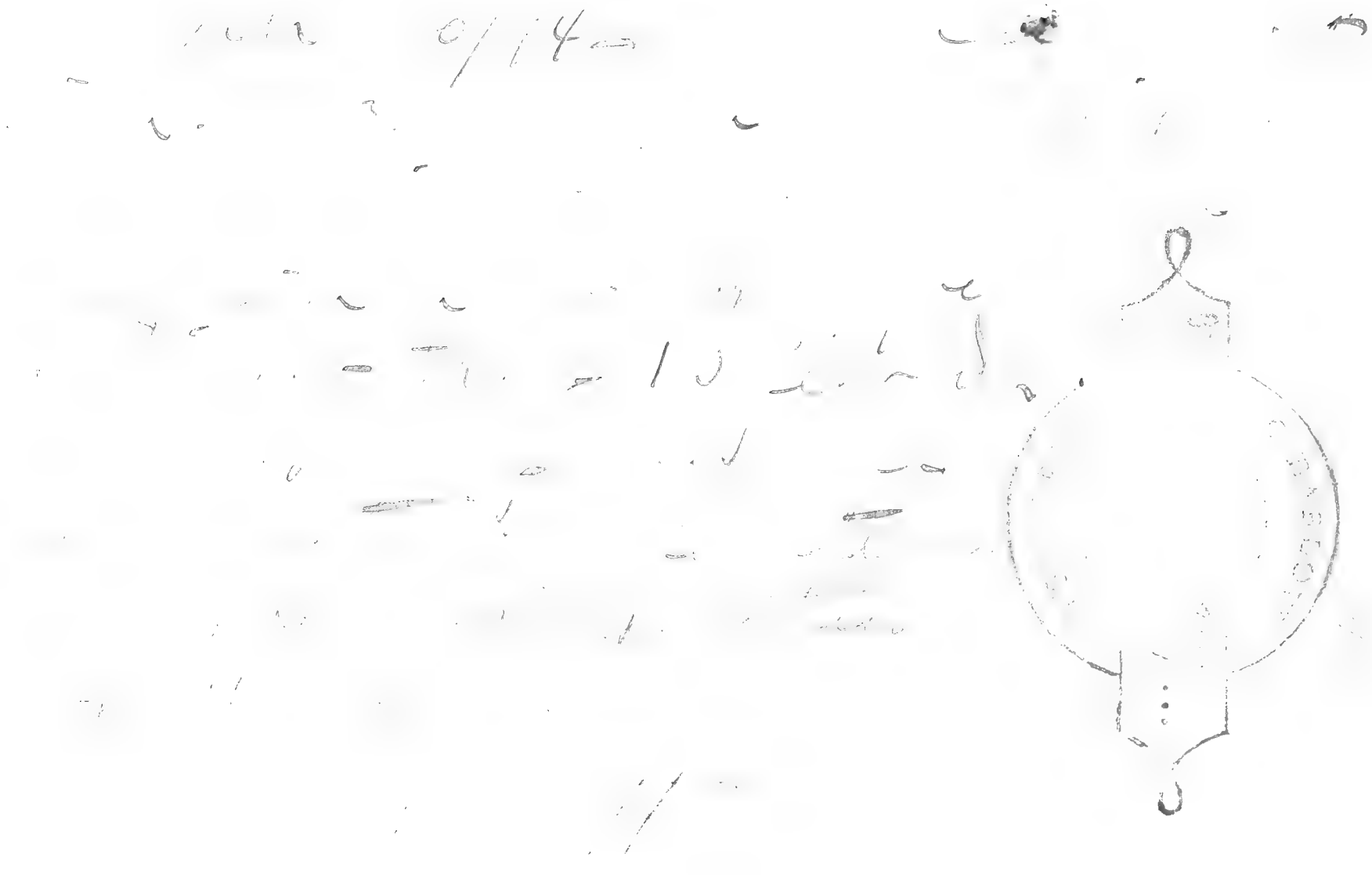
[illegible]

11/94

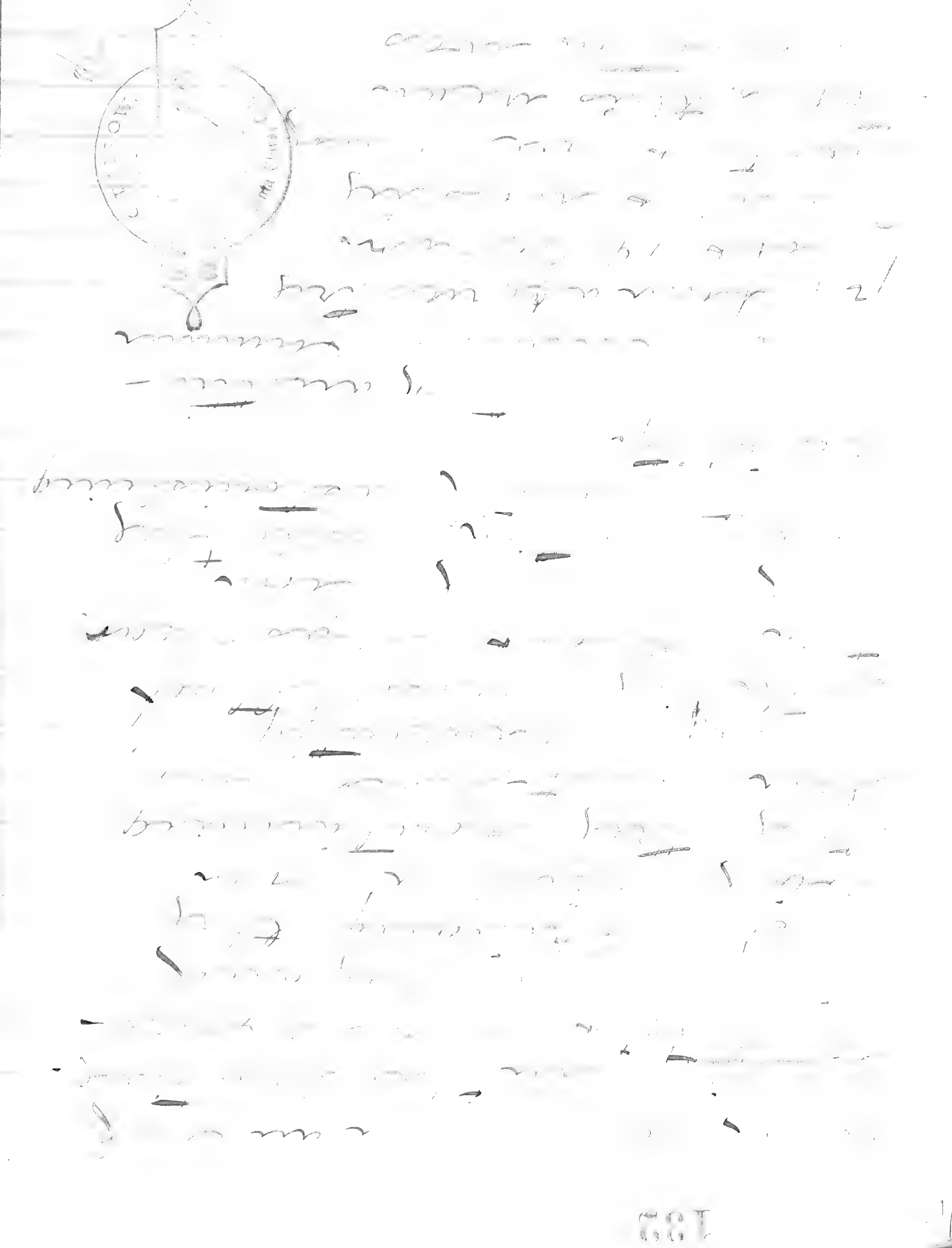
28/14.

4/14.

15,000.



March 24/94



Eden - The eggs were about 5/8th were not. They were in security.

March 26/94 - Went to a field near Santa Elena and took a set of eggs. During 1/5. The nest has been sorely reason been deserted and the eggs have been to dry up and ~~rotten~~.

Next place in growing branch of a small willow over a brook. Full of small woody quarters. Placed 4 fresh ones

Set 2/5 -

1891

[illegible] 31/94

[illegible] 1/4 [illegible]

[illegible] 10 [illegible]

[illegible] mountains

[illegible] on [illegible]. We

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] with wood

[illegible]

4

[illegible] 12/2/94 [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] with a [illegible]

north. [illegible] our at

4:30 [illegible]

[illegible] to [illegible]

the mountains.

[illegible] [illegible]

10 [illegible] Hours [illegible]

[illegible] and two which

[illegible] [illegible]

with [illegible] moss

Apr 8/94

Wednesday 11th — [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] and tried several
[illegible] in dead poplars.
[illegible] [illegible] a [illegible]-
[illegible] [illegible] found.
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the bird
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] a [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] cavity
containing 1 egg.

Thursday April 12th
at 5 pm I [illegible] out
[illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] in a tall redwood.
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Friday [illegible] 13th [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] 14th

[illegible] as usual.

[illegible]

with long grass. It is
very dry, dried skeletons
of a number of birds,
mice, and the remains
of the nest and eggs
figured in my Bulletin
been removed in it.

Finally over
both birds here is a small
cluster of oats, mixed with
their sheep droppings
whistle. I found several
small accumulations
of sticks and twigs
a nest will be built
soon and ready
by May 1st.

Apr 16th/44 Carefully
search Owl hole, found
on the 11th and flew
over 3 eggs which I took.
Finally, Friday was in
the plums, I killed her
and brought her home
with me.

Eggs in cavity
in pine tree, nearly
rotten of a dead cedar stub.
Dissection showed
the testes had been
cut.

This was the 12th
nest Saw Screech Owl
eggs I had ever found.
Though I had found
nests containing young.

NESTING OF GREAT HORNED OWL.

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Notes From Williamson & Chadwick, Loring, Kansas.

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Our experience with Great Horned Owl in this locality has been quite extensive. But as to what the Western species are in the habits of nesting we cannot say. However, we may give you a little of our vast experience and trust you may derive some benefit from it. To our knowledge there has come but one instance of this Owl laying in an nest. This set was taken by Mr. Williamson on the 30th of Jan. 1892 near Lawrence, Kansas. All others have invariably taken from cavities of trees. We have collected a number of sets from trees in cavities. We have never noted a set of these being deposited in a cavity that exceed 2 feet in depth, most all being just deep enough to hide the parent and young. Sycamore trees in this locality seem to be the favorite retreat. Elms are also used a great deal. Low lands are the favorite resort. We have never known a set to be located on an up-land or on a hill. But very small creeks are often chosen. Large trees are thier favorite nesting sites. The cavities range from 20 to 90 feet in heighth.

We do not lay stress on rapping them out as some of our books state. But if you discover a good cavity and cannot flush the Owl, climb it. Droppings under the tree is a fine sign. Feathers are very often observed around the occupied cavity and on its edges. If you flush an Owl at roost in the day-time make very close observations around the surrounding trees, as the male, to our knowledge, always keeps as close as convenient to the nest in hiding. Don't miss a single cavity. Droppings around adjoining trees .is an excellent sign also.